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IT AMUSES JOHNNY.



PUCK,
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from the
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New York.
Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.
A. Schwarzmann.
Editor, - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 10th, 1887.—N 544.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

J. BULL, Esq.—Dear Sir:

We recognize your national grandeur, and we do not wish to obtrude our advice upon you. But don't you think, upon mature reflection, that you have got your hands rather too full at present to bother with the Sandwich Islands? We understand that there are a few Russian emissaries in India, and several more just outside the boundaries of your possessions, hobnobbing with Emirs and Khans and the like. We have also heard that you are having more or less trouble with Ireland. It has furthermore been rumored that the agricultural laborer, whom you lately enfranchised, does not yet know just what to do with his vote. You have just got through a troublous and elaborate jubilee. Your London police can not, seemingly, discriminate between a decent girl and a girl who is not decent—and your police magistrates appear to be in the same perilous state. Don't you think, really, that you have enough to do at home, without making more trouble for yourself in foreign lands? You are a great civilizer. So are we. If there is any civilizing to be done in the Sandwich Islands, we will do it. If there is any money wanted there, and wanted on good security, we have the money. With assurances of distinguished consideration, we are yours truly,

U. S. & Co.

And so John Sherman has got his "endorsement"—his pledge from the Ohio Republicans that they will vote for his nomination in the next National Convention. He has got it, and he has got it in such a way that Mr. James G. Blaine, over in Europe, has been obliged to rush to the front and declare that the one desire of his life has always been that Sherman should be thus recognized as Ohio's leader. Knowing Mr. James G. Blaine as we do, we can not but infer from this that Mr. Blaine has been very anxious that Mr. Sherman should not get this very pledge. And yet it is not a pledge that amounts to much. The professional politicians who gave it will probably do as they please, or as their leaders please, at the next convention. Their word amounts to nothing. If they think it is to their advantage to nominate Sherman in 1888, they will do their best to nominate him. If they think they can get better terms from Blaine or any other political huckster, they will leave Mr. Sherman out in the cold, just as they left him in 1880.

* * * Thank heaven, we have got to a point where the "endorsement" of the politicians is not all in all. To have any chance of success, a presidential candidate must have the "endorsement" of the people. American citizens who earn their living in honest trades are beginning to learn the great truth that it is they who choose presidents, and not the horde of office-holders. They are learning that they have the right of independent judgement, and that if a man finds favor in their eyes, they can make him their candidate for the presidency, and can elect him, all the professional politicians in the country to the contrary notwithstanding. And, knowing this much, it is likely that they will see fit to renominate and re-elect a good and tried president rather than cast their influence and their votes for any hungry political hack on the list. If Mr. Sherman wants the "endorsement" of the people, he had better try to earn it as Mr. Cleveland is earning it, by serving them well and faithfully, and leaving the politicians to look out for themselves.

If it be true that Mr. Jos. Keppler is in Washington to urge the President to pitch Higgins overboard it will not be many days before there will be a dull thud in the neighborhood of the Treasury Department. Mr. Cleveland can not afford to ignore his favorite picture paper.—*N. Y. World*.

NEW YORK, August 4th, 1887.

To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

I am a reader of Puck, and have always found it a thoroughly honest, straight-forward and fearless paper; always striving to benefit the public. About a year ago I read an article (*World's*, I think,) stating that Mr. Keppler was antagonistic toward Mr. Cleveland, because he, Mr. Cleveland, refused to appoint a relative or friend of Mr. Keppler's to an office in return for the support of Puck. This was denied by

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Keppler, as Mr. Keppler had not advocated a friend. Now the same sheet insinuates that Mr. Keppler has gone to Washington to have Mr. Higgins removed. For myself I don't believe it. Why the *World* makes so many petty attacks is more than I can see. The "smallness" of the *World* is wonderful and thoroughly spiteful. Hoping to see a denial of the editorial enclosed, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

G. GARSON FREUND.

The report referred to in this communication is without foundation. Mr. Keppler went to Washington last week on business; but his business had no connection with the Higgins affair in any way, shape or manner. Let us say here, furthermore, that no man connected with this paper has ever spoken of political matters to the President. What we have to say we say in the paper, and if Mr. Cleveland cares to know what we think, he must buy his Puck, like any other citizen.

The MIDSUMMER PUCK is a 40-page publication containing two short stories, one by Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, ("Ivory Black,") and one by Mr. H. C. Bunner. It contains also sketches, poems, stories and paragraphs by R. K. Munkittrick, James Jeffrey Roche, Madeline S. Bridges, Philip H. Welch, F. E. Chase, C. N. Hood, C. H. Lüders, Ruth Hall, and others.

The 70 illustrations are by Messrs. J. Keppler, F. Opper, C. Jay Taylor, A. B. Shultz, L. Dalrymple, and A. B. Frost, and these illustrations are delicately printed in colors.

No publication so large, so elaborate in technical execution and so rich in contents has ever been put on the market for the price of 50 cents. If your newsdealer is out of *MIDSUMMER PUCKS*, send 50 cents to us, and we will mail you a copy.

The *MIDSUMMER PUCK* is one of the most artistic and successful specimens of color-printing ever sent out by the publishers of a periodical. There is nothing about it of the garish chromo order, the delicate tinting and dainty drawing comparing favorably with Prang's best prints.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The publishers of *PUCK* have just issued a "MIDSUMMER" number which, bright as *PUCK* for Christmas was, is still brighter than that, clever in humor, charming in color, delightful in letter-press.—*Washington Critic*.

The *MIDSUMMER PUCK* is head and shoulders above anything yet issued in that line, and is a marvel of beauty in color-printing.—*Washington Republic*.

As a specimen of illustration in colors we have never seen anything so good in any American publication as the cartoons and illuminated lettering which adorn these pages.—*Washington Capitol*.

The *MIDSUMMER PUCK* is a worthy successor to the *CHRISTMAS PUCK*; in fact, it is a great improvement upon it. From an artistic standpoint it has never had a superior in this country. Its cartoons and color-pictures are finely executed, and the many small sketches in various tints are remarkable examples of mechanical skill. From a literary point of view it is also enjoyable. Its short bits are humorous, its poetry fits the season, and the longer sketches by "Ivory Black," Philip H. Welch and H. C. Bunner are clever and interesting.—*Boston Times*.

As a specimen of fine color-printing the *MIDSUMMER PUCK* is hard to equal. The cartoons are marvels of the lithographer's art, while nearly every page contains novelties in illustrations that are pleasing to the eye. The literary features of the publication are interesting. Politics and personalities have been avoided, as is proper.—*Rome Sentinel*.



ART MATTERS.

They were discussing art matters.

"Have you ever been done in oil, Mr. Smith?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied.
"Who was the artist?"

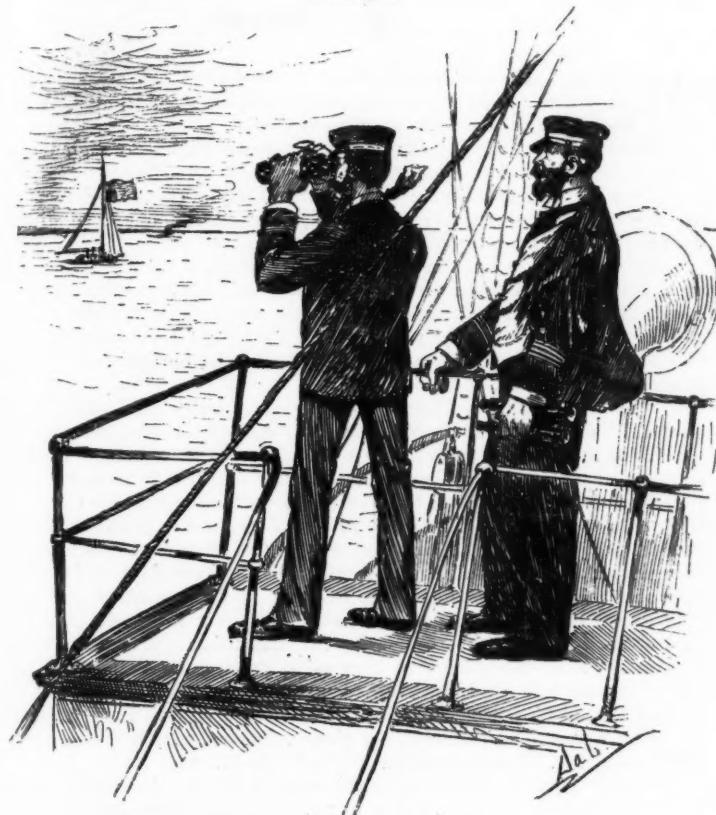
"He was n't an artist—he was a broker."

A CRUSTACEAN SOIRÉE.

THE SCYLLARIANS they pinkle on the silver-sanded coast,
The Ocypodian is very limp,
The Pagurian or Hermit-Crab he airs his idle boast,
And offers marriage unto Mistress Shrimp.
The Xantho Floridus and the Isopods combine
To oust Palinurus from his coral throne;
But the Grapsus takes a hand and springs a pretty mine,
Assisted by the Hippa all alone.
The Cyclops and Limulus dance a redowa divine,
The Macropod he toots his dainty horn,
The Parthenope Horrida and Thelphusian both opine
The soirée will break up before the morn.

H. S. Keller.

CHEEK.



FIRST OFFICER OF ATLANTIC LINER.—They are certainly flying a distress signal, Captain. Shall I lower a boat?
CAPTAIN.—By all means, and hurry about it! A Briton never refuses to do his duty!

A NEW FIGURE of the german requires six railroad tickets for the ladies, six placards for the gentlemen and a whistle for the leader. The gentlemen fasten the placards around their necks, while the tickets are distributed among the ladies. Upon the signal from the leader the orchestra plays a railroad galop, and the gentlemen march into the room imitating a train. No brains are required. The onlookers are advised to take pepsin.

SOME CORRESPONDENCE.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., August —, 1887.

To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

I was considered at one time quite a humorist. How is this? When is a man not a man? (Answer:) When he is aplomb. (A plum.) See?

Yours yearningly,

WILLIAM ST. J. BAXTER.

* * *

NEW YORK, August —, 1887.

Wm. St. John Baxter, Esq.,
Canandaigua, N. Y.—Sir:This was considered at one time quite a fly.
It is n't now. Bee wear! (Beware.)

Yours (in a certain respect),

ED. PUCC.



DELICACY.

"DO YOU SWEAR?" asked a ministerial-looking man of a sailor on the dock.

"Partly often," was the reply.

"Drink?"

"—m—yes. I git dry onct in awhile."

"Gamble?"

"When th' v'yage's over I shake a few dices."

"Chew tobacco?"

"Look here, shipmate, ain't you gittin' kind'r cur'ous?"

"Answer me that; do you chew tobacco?"

"Wa'al, yes, I do."

"That's what I wanted to get at, and I meant to do it in a soothing, gentlemanly way, as it were. Gimme a chew, will you?"



HEBRAIC PREVALENCY.

MISS MAHAFFY (*at Long Branch*).—Waiter, bring me a piece of pine-apple.

WAITER.—Yes, lady. Served with the juice, lady?

MISS MAHAFFY.—For heaven's sake, no! I've been waiting an hour to get this table alone for my mother and myself. Serve it here!

INCURABLE.

HOUSE SURGEON.—How's that last case of D. T.'s getting on, Bowker?

WARD NURSE.—We've got him strapped to the bed, ten yards of chain around his neck, and four convalescents sitting on him, and still he's a trifle distressed.

HOUSE SURGEON.—What form were his hallucinations taking when you left the ward?

WARD NURSE.—He thought he was being attacked by one of H. Rider Haggard's fresh-water crabs.

HOUSE SURGEON.—Smother him at once!



FIRST OFFICER.—Boat ahoy! What can we do for you?

MEMBER OF JERSEY CITY FISHING CLUB.—Say, Cap, we've been out most all day, an' we're dryer 'n salt. Can you spare us a couple 'r bottles of lager?

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES are agitated over the admission of cider as a godly beverage. If they will hold a convention in the centre of Westchester County, and sample some of the clean-cut, lofty-purposed product-of-the-mill which the farmers "set out" on every occasion, they will break up, hunt for shady places behind the stone-walls, and, after a week's troubled sleep, will admit that nobody in this country outside of Westchester ever got really and truly drunk before.

MR. HASBEEN PLAYS LAWN-TENNIS.



TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

IT IS SAID that mountain air produces sleep. Therefore, it would be a good test of a clergyman's powers to preach to a number of New York policemen at some mountain resort. The only trouble attending such an experiment would be, that if the policemen were once preached asleep in a sleep-producing atmosphere, they would never wake up; for a New York policeman can lie down and fall asleep on a barbed-wire fence.

A BASE-BALL PITCHER recently had smallpox, and it was feared it would strike in and kill him. But he saved himself by making the malady strike out.

WHEN A MARRIED COUPLE are seen together frequently at a watering place it is generally believed that they are not a married couple.

ONE OF THE WALLS of Mr. W. D. Howells's summer home is covered with all sorts of Indian implements of warfare, the property of the owner of the house, who was formerly an Indian Commissioner; and when a burglar enters it is only necessary for him to select the weapon that best suits his fancy, before going up-stairs to carry on his profession.

GOVERNOR MARMADUKE, of Missouri, left St. Louis last week, bound for Europe, and the citizens say that the state of things must be remedied which obliges even the chief executive to travel four thousand miles to get a glass of beer. Why don't St. Louis start a brewery? Has it ever occurred to her men of means that such an institution might pay?

CHICAGO'S BIG BOODLER escaped by way of a bath-room. This will tend to make bath-rooms more unpopular than ever in the city of cyclonic zephyrs.

THE FLY is a tall insect. He stands over six feet. Fact!

GEORGE L. TWOMOUTH is an actor in Chicago, to whom the citizens are about to present a testimonial of their regard. At the risk of appearing intrusive, would n't a whiskey-flask fastened like a pair of opera-glasses be a gift to excite appreciation?



PIAZZA FROTH.

MISS DEL NOCE.—Has n't that Miss Humbleton grown perfectly immense?

GALLISON.—Ya-as. Been tewwibly forced, y' naw!

MISS DEL NOCE.—Forced?

GALLISON.—Ya-as. Pahsed lawst wintah at Hollywood under glawss.



"MAY I ASK," said old Mr. Hasbeen, as he leaned on the fence and gazed benignly at the young people playing lawn-tennis: "what you call that game you are playing?"

He was respectfully informed, by a fair young High School graduate, who supplemented a few interesting historical facts regarding the game as played by the ancient Romans, how it had fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude and been revived, revised, enlarged and improved within the past few years.

Being invited to come in and witness the game, Mr. Hasbeen accepted, and, climbing the fence with that courtly grace for which he is so noted among his friends, he took a seat on the rustic bench by the fair girl graduate, for whom there was no room in the court; and after watching the play for a few minutes in silence, proceeded to make himself entertaining after his usual fashion.

"Yes; that looks as though it might be a pretty good game; but, after all, I don't suppose they'll ever study up any out-door amusements that'll come up to what we used to have when I was young. I don't know of anything that makes me think what a 'tarnal number of years I've lived on this earth, like the way young peoples' games has changed. Did you ever play 'Pull Away Fetch,' or 'Duck on the Rock?' No? I thought not; but boys and girls used to play 'em when I was young—but then they was strong o' limb and fleet o' foot in those days, and had to have something sort of exhilarating. Oh, no; I don't want to run down your game; but they'd a' laughed to see four great big healthy-looking folks trying to bound a ball over a fish-net, and swipe it with a bat as big as a straw hat. They seem to be making pretty hard work of it, too, 'ithout accomplishing much. Now, when I was a youngster, there wa'n't a game I could n't master right from the start. Take ball now, I—"

Just at this moment one of the players dropped out, and, after much solicitation, Mr. Hasbeen consented to take his place.

"Now, don't be at all backward 'cause I haven't played this game much," he remarked: "go right in on your mettle, and see how quick I'll catch on to the idea."

"Play!" cried the server on the other side, and the ball came sailing gracefully over the net. Mr. Hasbeen had struck a position, with the racket grasped firmly in both hands, his hat off, and his spectacles shoved away up into his hair, and when the ball bounded he struck at it with a mighty effort.

"How's that?" he shouted as soon as he had stopped turning around: "Did any of your out-fielders capture that? Where did she strike?"

"Over by the woods somewhere, I guess," answered his pretty partner: "you must n't hit quite so hard, Mr. Hasbeen; the game is n't to see how far you can knock the ball; but to keep it inside the white lines."

"All right; I'll soon get down to fine work; how does the count stand now?"

"Fifteen—Love."

Old Mr. Hasbeen blushed away up to the little bald spot on the top of his head, and he looked woefully confused and scared. The play went on; but Mr. Hasbeen stole quietly to the spectators' bench, gave up his racket to the High School graduate, pleaded an important engagement, picked up his hat, and, as he walked hurriedly away, the dutiful old man might have been heard to remark to himself, that while he knew he was fascinating, he never was no hand to flirt; and, any way, a married man had no business, when his wife was not present, to remain in the company of a beautiful young lady, who became smitten at first sight.

And, as the old man walked slowly homeward, smoothing the nap on his hat with his coat-sleeve, some way he felt he had acted nobly.

C. N. Hood.

ADVICE TO PEOPLE NOT ABOUT TO MARRY.

It's well to be merry and gay;
It's well to be honest and true;
It's well to be off with the ancient attachment
Before she gets ready to sue.

THE PUNKIN HOLLER NINE QUIT.



N EDITORIAL from a recent copy of the Punkin Holler *Weekly Bulge* laments the death of its pet base-ball nine in the following touching manner:

They have gone! The darlings of the diamond have evaporated from our midst, and our hearts are bowed down in woe, while we sadly turn us to our patent boiler-plate viscera and embossed paste-pots. No more the antics of the tape-wrestler, suddenly taken ill with cramps, will disturb the serenity of the dry-goods store. No more will the post-office close its pigeon-hole at 3 p. m. sharp. No more will our notes go to protest because the cashier, teller and clerks of the bank go forth to spend an American holiday and swell the multitude in whooping up things lively for the Heavy Hitters.

Alas! The flower has been plucked from the stem, and Punkin Holler is no longer represented among the Great United Consolidated Emperian Base-Ball Constellation.

They were the very flowers and gems of our choice; they came among us strangers—and have left us without settling their board and beer bills. But such things are chronic among the fraternity, and we take no note of common occurrences.

Like Hagar in the wilderness we wait for our Jim-Dandy pitcher, and he returneth not. Gone to a distant clime where his pristine glories will be lost among his encroaching creditors. As the prong-horned deer pants for the water-brook, so do we sigh in vain for our modest catcher, who wore a bird-cage and a two-foot liver pad. In the sad silence of the long-drawn hours of the night we list to the yells of the bull-pen—where of old the kids were wont to congregate—for just one echo of glad rapture, and we hear it not.

The dismal flap of the banner we won last season, and hoped to defend with pride this season, sounds like a knell of mockery as the breezes toy with its rippling folds.

The la-de-da short-stop has gone, and the ruminating bovine has usurped the stamping-ground of our diadem third baseman. The outfield grows grass and smartweed where once the agile dandies climb the blue ether to pluck from the clouds the pig-skin. Where the first and second basemen won renown, the fertile tomato-can and ancient Billy goat flock together.

Thus we bewail the aching void that is left us, and will know no comfort, because a vacuum has been left in our being. In the quiet of the night the wind soughs along the grand stand, and the dim phantoms of the Punkin Holler Nine arise to mock our woe. *H. S. Keller.*

GIVING HIS ORDERS.

ABLE EDITOR (*to assistant*).—What shall you write about to-day? Let me see. There's nothing special that I know of. Just give Mr. Cleveland a whack for vetoing those pension bills.

ASSISTANT.—But, sir, a Washington dispatch to-day says that Cleveland has approved more private pension bills than any other President.

ABLE EDITOR.—Is that so? That's better yet. Just wade into him for reckless wasting of the public funds.

EXCLUSIVE.
MITZELH EIMER.—Goin' Long Pranch down py dis summer, Yakey?

Co HENN.—Nein, not much. Dey led an Amerigan in von ohf der pest hodels last weeg.

GEN. A. W. GREELY tells us what he knows about "Alcohol in High Latitudes" in the August *Forum*. If he ever tried to get a drink in a remote Adirondack hotel, he ought to know what he is talking about.

WE HAVE JUST received a copy of "Things Seen," by Victor Hugo. They don't include snakes and purple monkeys.



UNEQUAL TO THE HOME PRODUCT.

DRG CLERK.—Hold on, for heaven's sake! I've given you ammonia and prussic acid by mistake!

CUSTOMER.—Don't mention it, young feller. I was jest goin' ter ast yer ter put a leetle pep'mint in it ter make her zip a leetle. I'm from Altoona, Pennsylvania.

STABBED IN THE DARK.

ICAN NOT PERSUADE myself that it was a hawk. My wife says she is sure that it was. She declares that the engineer blew the whistle when the hawk flew down the companion-way, and she insists that it was the whistle that I heard. She further insists that our son Willie was stabbed by the Spanish-looking villain who cooks for the yacht, and that his dagger was poisoned. It is difficult to believe that even the most Spanish-looking villain on earth would enter a state-room on a yacht and deliberately stab a young and tender boy with a poisoned weapon. Tourists who have visited the Bay of Quinte at this season of the year, will bear me out when I say that the hawks of that region are not in the habit of boarding vessels in the night.

They will also support me when I say that a Bay of Quinte mosquito makes a noise not altogether unlike that of a steam whistle. The noise is continuous, however, and is not characterized by "toots," such as are given forth by ordinary yacht whistles. The theory to which my wife clings so tenaciously, supposes the presence of a hawk in the cabin, the blowing of the yacht's whistle, and the assault of the Spanish-looking villain upon our son Willie to have been fortuitously concurrent circumstances. I find this too great a strain upon my credulity. A Bay of Quinte mosquito, though much heavier and more powerful than a hawk, might easily be mistaken for one in the night. Then it is highly improbable that the yacht's whistle would be blowing at the exact moment when the hawk entered the cabin; and it is infinitely improbable that a Spanish-looking villain could make so serious a wound with an ordinary poisoned dirk. I maintain that all of the circumstances favor the mosquito theory. I am in the habit of respecting my wife's opinions when they are reasonable; but I can not do so in this case. It was a Bay of Quinte mosquito that vaccinated our son Willie.

H. S. Tomer.



A SURPRISE PARTY SURPRISED.

FARMER.—Wall, I declare; I'm awful glad to see you, for we were just going to the city—and we can all go back together!

FUNNY BUSINESS.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CONSTRUCTION AND PRESERVATION OF JOKES.

I.—The Jokal Kalendar.

EVERY JOKE has its appropriate season. The true humorist—one who finds comedy in every thing—gathers his ideas from what goes on about him, and by a subtle alchemy of his own distills from them jokes suitable to the changing seasons. The only laws to which childhood willingly yields obedience are those unwritten statutes which compel the proper observance of "trap-time," "kite-time," and "marble-time." So even must the humorist recognize the different periods allotted respectively to goats, stove-pipes, ice-cream and other foundations of merriment.

The Jokal Kalendar begins in the early summer, when girls are leading young men into ice-cream saloons, and keepers of summer-resorts are preparing new swindles for their guests. Soon the farmer will gather in his crop of summer-boarders; the city fisherman will entangle his patent flies in the branches of lofty trees while the country lad catches all the trout with a worm. Then the irate father and the bull-dog will drive the lover from the front gate, while married men who remain in the city during their wives' absence play poker until early morn and take grass-widows to Coney Island. About this time the chronicler of humor goes into the country, whence he will return in the early fall with a fresh stock of ideas, gathered in the village store, at the farmhouse table, and by the shores of the sounding sea.

Beginning his autumn labors with the scent of the hay fields in his nostrils, and the swaying boughs of the pine forest still whispering in his ears, the humorist offers a few dainty paragraphs on the simple joys of rural life. The farmer who dines in his shirt-sleeves, the antiquity of the spring fowl, the translucent milk and the saline qualities of the pork which grace the table; the city man who essays to milk the cow, and the country deacon who has been "daown to York"—all these are sketched with vivid pen for the delectation of his readers. But it must be remembered that these subjects have been used during the whole summer; and the humorist, after his return to the city can offer, at the best, but an aftermath of farm-house fun. If it be a late fall, the public may slide along on banana and orange-peel jokes until the first cold snap warns housekeepers of the necessity of putting up stove-pipes. (Note.—About this time print paragraph of gas company charging a man for gas while his house was closed for the summer. Allusions to the extortions of gas companies are always welcome.)

Stove-pipe jokes must be touched upon lightly, for the annual spring house-cleaning will bring the pipes down again, six months later, to the accompaniment of cold dinners, itinerant pails of hot soapsuds, and other miseries incident to that domestic event.

And now that the family stove-pipe has ceased to exude smoke at every joint and pore, the humorist finds himself fairly equipped for his year's work. The boys are at school; lodge-meetings have begun, and sleepless wives are waiting for their truant lords; college graduates are seeking positions in newspaper offices (and sometimes getting and keeping them, though it won't do to let the public know it); election is at hand, and

candidates are kissing babies and setting up the drinks for their constituents; young men of slender means are laying pipes for thicker clothes—in short, a man must be dull of wit who can not find food for comic paragraphs in what goes on about him at this fruitful season. The ripening of the chestnut-burr and the harvesting of its fruit—beautifully symbolical of the humorist's vocation—form another admirable topic at this time.

Winter comes with its snow and ice, and the small boy who is always around moulds the one into balls for destructive warfare, while corpulent gentlemen and pedestrians bearing eggs and other fragile articles slip and fall on the other. Oyster-stews and girls who pine for them; the female craving for matinée tickets and the high hats which obstruct the view of those in the back seats; nocturnal revelry in saloon and ball-room; low-necked dresses, and the extortionate idleness of the plumber now keep the pen of the comic writer constantly at work. Chapters on the pawing, borrowing, lending and renovation of the dress-coat are also timely.

Spring brings the perennial spring-poet with his rejected manuscript; the actor with his winter's ulster; the health-giving bock-beer; and, above all, the goat, in the delineation of whose pranks and follies the Jokal Kalendar reaches its climax.

What the reindeer is to the Laplander the goat is to the writer of modern humor. His whole life is devoted to the service of the paragraphist. He eats tomatoes and crinoline; he rends the theatre-poster from the wall and consumes the bucket of paste; he rends the clothes from the line and devours the curtain that flutters in the basement window; he upsets elderly men, and charges, with lowered horns, at lone and fear-stricken women.

But as the encroachments of civilization have driven the buffalo from his native plains, so is the goat, propelled by a stern city ordinance, slowly but surely disappearing from the streets and vacant lots which once knew him so well. He is making his last stand, now, in the rocky fastnesses of Harlem. I have seen him perched on an inaccessible crag on the borderland of Morrisania, looking down with solemn eyes on the great city where he once roamed careless and free from can to ash-barrel. Etched against a background of lowering clouds, his was, indeed, an impressive figure, the apotheosis of American humor.

J. L. Ford.

IT IS NOW about the right time for the *Sun* to commence booming some remote unheard-of-individual for the Presidency.

AFTER ALL, THE Chicago Anarchists should be given a lift—by the necks.

THE BLACK FLY is a great deal blacker than he's painted; but the negro minstrel is not.

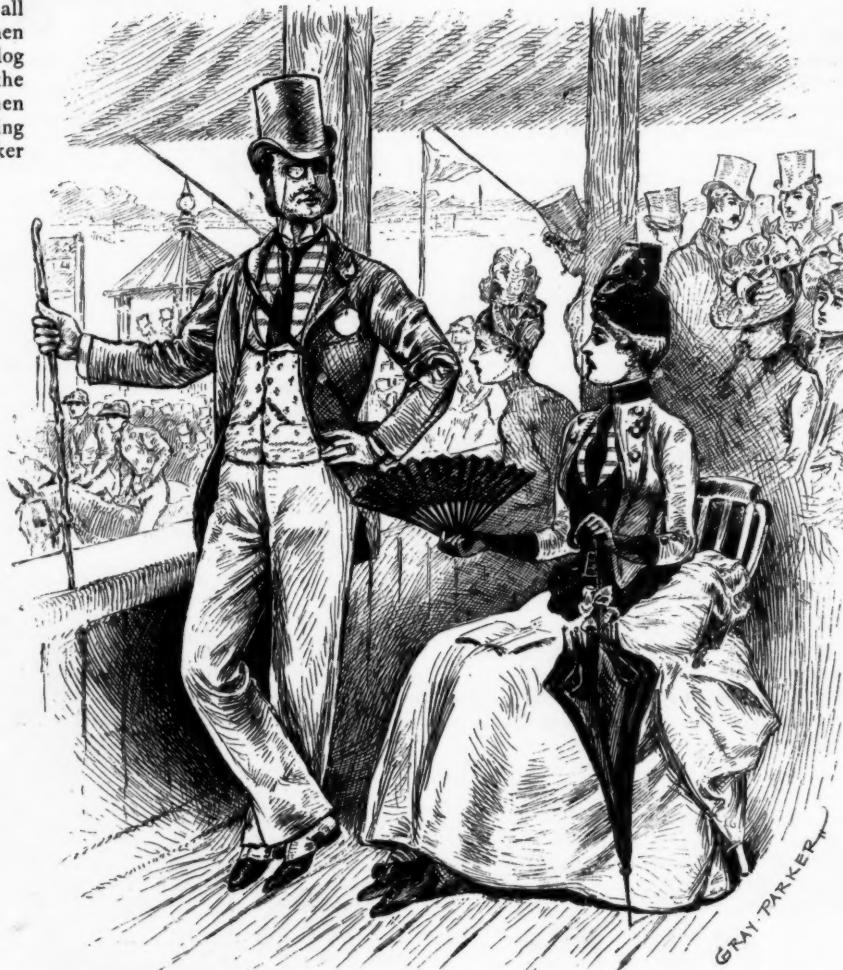
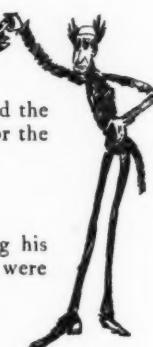
WE BEGIN TO understand why Dr. McGlynn founded the anti-poverty society. It is well to be prepared for the rainy day. Also for the cold day.

DIVING FOR IT.

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper: "if all the grog-shops were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?"

And the answer came:

"Lots of people would get drowned!"



A SERIOUS THING.

SHE (*at the race-track*).—Was the horse hurt, George?

HE.—Yes; his leg was broken, and he had to be shot.

SHE (*in great distress*).—Poor thing! Is n't it terrible?

HE (*soothingly*).—Oh, well, it's only a horse, you know!

SHE.—I know it's only a horse, George; but I bought a pool on him!



A WRUNG-OUT EXPLANATION.

JEALOUS MRS. IPSTEIN.—Aha, Elias, you vos peen flirdin'! How dis long hair gom your goat-sleef on, eh?

CONCILIATORY MR. IPSTEIN.—S-s-h, Raychel! I solt von eegscelsior maddress for hair to-day. Dot vos der selling samble.

TROPICAL.

"**I**F I TOLD YOU the mercury climbed to the top,
Then blew out the glass, and, unable to stop,
It squirted clear up to the ceiling;
Now what would you call it," I laughingly said:
The man looked me over, and shaking his head:
"A guy, sir," he answered, with feeling.

Warren Seely.

WHY HE LEFT.

ONE of the most trying situations in this vale of tears is that of the guest of a summer hotel, when he is very anxious to make a change but does not know exactly how to do so without offending the proprietor.

If he tells that indignity that the chops are always fried, he will be informed that they will be thereafter broiled. If he complains that the waiter is impudent, he is informed that that child of independence will be changed for another who is polite. Many a man keeps on staying at a place because he does n't know how to get out pleasantly and gracefully.

An Irishman was recently staying at a resort where people spent most of their time changing their clothes, to see who could make the most varied display. He became disgusted, and made up his mind to leave, not only on this occasion, but because he could never get pig's snout and cabbage for dinner, and the orchestra frequently played English airs that were extremely offensive to him.

But he did not care to complain to the proprietor, because he knew he would be talked into remaining in spite of himself; so he went into the bar-room and braced his courage up with the cup that both cheers and inebriates.

Then he walked up to the proprietor and struck him without a word of warning, and continued to strike and kick him until he was insensible.

"Take that!" he said, when he was through; and then he packed up and left without being arrested.

"What was the matter?" asked the stage-driver, when they had gone a mile or so, and the Irishman had cooled down a little.

"Fwat was the matther? Fwat was the matther?" replied the Irishman: "A good deal was the matther, and that's foi I lift!"

"But why did you leave?" persisted the stage-driver.

"Foi did I lave, is it yer askin'? It's just for this that I laved. It's because I could n't get along pacefully, and I never shtop at a place where I can't shtop pacefully without getting in a foight with the proprietor; that's foi!"



A PENNSYLVANIA SUMMER-RESORT advertises as its leading attraction the fact that there is not any natural gas within fifty miles of it. This is, indeed, a novelty; but few people take any stock in the truth of the statement.

WHAT THE WORLD is now anxious to know is: which piano does Mrs. James Brown Potter prefer before all others?

A N OUT-OF-TOWN hotel-keeper advertised as an attraction a swimming race for tramps. But when the time to start the race arrived there were no entries.

TENNYSON says: "I have laid down my pen for a while." Will somebody please drive a clinch nail through it?

WE WOULD LIKE to pay this tribute to Johnny Ward: Although he has no wings at all, he gets there just the same.

A N EXCHANGE says that the trouser makers are on a strike. But in this hot weather it won't cause any anxiety.

CAPTAIN JOVIAL, of the French army, proposes to cross the Atlantic from East to West, in a mammoth balloon. If he can tell what his name is on his arrival, we'll eat the balloon.

THE THING THAT is generally allowed to go too far is the North Pole Expedition.

IF THERE IS strength in union, Utah ought to be a pretty powerful spot.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK—Sir: Perspiration never rains but it pores. I will send some more jokes soon. I am only nineteen years old.



HE HAD TO BE PUT OUT.

DRIVER.—All out! End of route!

MR. SEED (from Hohokus).—No, you don't! I've heered of them things before. I dropped in a nickel fifteen minutes ago, an' I don't git out 'till I hear the music play, b'gosh!





ROWING EXCURSION.

[Evening. Parlor of Hotel Thalatta. George and Gladys.]

GEORGE.—Ah—eh—Miss Gladys, would n't you like to go rowing with me in the morning?

GLADYS (effusively).—Why, yes, indeed! I shall be delighted! You're ever and ever so kind and thoughtful and all that, you know! And what time shall I expect you? And do I want to take a wrap, should you think? And we'll return in time for lunch, of course? And is n't it perfectly elegant to think of floating about on the calm, still wa—Oh, here comes Mr. Glider for his waltz! Then you'll call for me—when? About ten, is it? Very well—and I'm a thousand times—good-by! Now, Mr. Glider!

[The next morning. Wharf at half-tide. GEORGE discovered in conversation with a HARDY MARINER, and an object of curiosity to several OLD SEADOGS, VENERABLE SAILORMEN and MARINE NONDESCRITS.]

GEORGE.—And which one would you advise me to take?

THE HARDY MARINER.—Well, seein's yer ain't used to rowin'—

GEORGE.—But I assure you—

THE H. M. (paying not the least attention).—I'll give yer the Comet. A bull whale could n't capsize her. (Swabs seats, leaving them soppy wet, after the manner of his kind.) Want the tiller in?

GEORGE (doubtfully).—Why, yes, if it's customary, sir. Or, perhaps, you'd better—well, I don't know—fix it to suit yourself. (General grin.)

THE H. M.—All aboard! (George cautiously descends slippery stairs, steps on boat's gunwale and falls flat into her bottom.)

OLD SEADOGS.—Humph! Huh!

GEORGE (picking himself up and trying to smile).—She tips very easy, does n't she?

VENERABLE SAILORMEN.—Tips easy? Yah!

THE HARDY MARINER.—Off she goes! (Shoves boat out.)

GEORGE (sitting down on wet thwart).—Ow! (Gets out oars and vainly attempts to pull.)

MARINE NONDESCRITS (in great disgust).—Why don't yer ship yer rollocks?

GEORGE (lightsomely).—Ah, yes, thanks—so I should. Much obliged. [Splashes off, pursued by profane comments, very much to his disadvantage, from SALINE PERSONAGES aforesaid. Rowing with the grace and quite the circular motion of a stern-wheel steamboat, he is beset on all sides by VARIOUS VESSELS.]

THE KEROSENE CRUISER Teakettle.—Hi, hi!

THE SLOOP Teaser.—Get out of the way, will you.

THE SCHOONER Hannah B.—Ahoy, there! Sheer off, or we'll sink you!

THE FAST AND COMMODIOUS STEAMER J. G. Sprawl.—Port! Hard aport, you lubber!

ALL HANDS (fervently).—Bless you! Bless you!

[GEORGE, by some miracle escaping total and irredeemable smash, approaches his destination, to find pier crowded with GAY YOUTHS, OB-SERVANT DAMSELS and SARCASTIC SPECTATORS ad libitum.]

SOMEBODY.—It's George! George, what are you doing?

GEORGE (testily).—Can't you see? I'm rowing.

SOMEBODY.—Oh, that's it, is it? (Universal smile.)

Critical Chorus (perfectly audible to poor GEORGE).—Nell, is n't he the young man we saw last evening? Yes? Well, I liked him very much—then. Frank, I wonder what his object is in this expedition—it certainly can't be pleasure. Oh, he's out fishing—for crabs! Notice how he cranks, Joe! And he does n't feather a little bit! That's the Comet he's got; Jones keeps it to hire to greenhorns. Oh, mercy, girls, do you suppose he's going to invite any of us out? No; he has some poor unfortunate engaged. I only wish it was that rich aunt of mine! I pity the girl, whoever she is; she'll be wet from head to foot, he splashes so. Do I know him, Charley? Yes, confound it, and I'm shaking in my shoes for fear he'll recognize me.

[Naturally somewhat flurried, GEORGE blindly pushes in to make landing, and comes in violent collision with the steps.]

GEORGE (prostrate on back in bow-sheets).—Wh—what hit me?

HUMANE INDIVIDUAL.—Come, boys, let's put him out of his misery. Help him ashore.

[HUMANE INDIVIDUAL holds painter, but can not hold GEORGE, who comes to grief between the boat and the steps, filling both his boots with water.]

SNEFRING STRANGER.—There's a prohibition against landing freight at this pier.

SECOND S. S.—That does n't apply to him. Freight is something that's useful and that people want.

GEORGE (looking at watch).—My stars! I'm awfully late! I'd no idea it would take me so long to get here. (Is just rushing away when—)

HUMANE INDIVIDUAL.—Excuse me, but you have n't made your boat fast. Yes, that's a firm knot enough—little peculiar, perhaps—but had n't you better give her a little more line? The tide's falling.

GEORGE (thoroughly soured by his sufferings).—Whatitis?

H. I. (offended).—Oh, very well, very well, sir; but let me advise you not to be away long.

[Crowd disperses, scoffing. GEORGE, having pulled himself together, departs for hotel.]

THE CLERK.—I think she's not in, sir.

THE HALL PORTER.—Sorrow bit o' me knows; have n't sane her, sor.

THE BELL BOY.—Dunno; hain't roun' here, nowheres.

GLADYS MAMA.—Oh, you are here at last! My daughter waited for you a long time; and, concluding you did not intend to honor your engagement, has gone driving with Mr. Glider. And I may say, too, that she is seriously offended, sir—very seriously. No excuses, I beg

—good morning!

THE HARDY MARINER (suddenly appearing).—Whar's that—that—that feller! (Chokes with rage.) Matter?

Mr. Glider.—Oh, nawthin's the matter—not nawthin', oh, no! Only he's tied my boat up short on an ebb-tide, an' thar she is—hung up five foot out o' wotter, an' everything a-spilt out o' her! Whar is he? That him? Say—(Sound and fury, signifying a great deal.)

[The Parlor; evening.]

GLADYS (sweetly).—You need n't stop, Mr. Glider. This gentleman has evidently mistaken me for some one else, since he appears to fancy himself acquainted with me. The next is a waltz, is n't it?

THE HARDY MARINER'S BILL.

Sur this is Wot you Owe me	
hire of Bote 2 hours and A Half.....	75 sentz
and a losin out the Starn Gratin wich went Adrift	
and Gut Lost	5 dolluz
and a losin out the Bow Gratin tho i Found it agin	
No Thanks to You	50 sentz
and a Rolluk broke Off and Sunk.....	
and a Bustin the Oars so they Carnt Never be uzed	50 sentz
Agin	5 dolluz
and my Time in Muckin Around to git her Down	5 dolluz
and the Cussed Bother of the Hull Thing	5 dolluz

tottle..... 75 sentz 21 dolluz
and i don wanter Hire no more Botes to no sech Fools.

reseeved Paymint and Lucky for You

WILLIAM K. JONES

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A.B.S.

THE FOUR FLIES

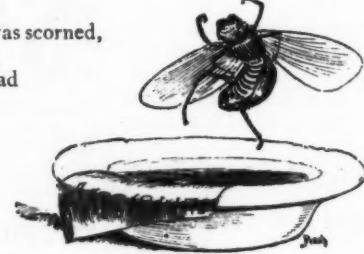
A SCIENTIFIC PARABLE.

I.
ON A WINDOW-SILL one morning still,
In golden summer weather,
Four weary flies with blinking eyes
Buzzed hungrily together.
Before them lay a table spread
With desolate looking fare;
They knew they were in a boarding-house
By the chipped stone-chinaware.



II.
Said the oldest fly, with a tear-dimmed eye:
"All this I have been through,
And if you eat of this doubtful treat,
That hour you'll surely rue.
I lost my ma, and I lost my pa,
And I lost my children three;
They were snared by such delusive joys
As the ones to-day we see."

III.
But though kindly warned her advice was scorned,
And straight the trio flew
To the table head, whereon was spread
The frugal dishes few.
And left the patriarch fly alone
A-weeping on the sill;
And set to work without ado
To eat and drink their fill.



IV.
The first young fly resolved to try
The milk cerulean blue,
For his head was sore from the night before
When he stayed a party through.
But, alas, the chalk that filled the cup
Brought cramps that laid him low;
"Ha, ha!" buzzed the fly from the window pane:
"Now, did n't I tell you so!"

V.
The second fly had set his eye
On the ponderous sugar-bowl,
And made a jump for the biggest lump
His hunger to console.
But the marble-dust soon stretched him out
A corpse on the cloth below,
While the old fly sang as a requiem:
"Now, did n't I tell you so!"



VI.
And now the third adventurous bird
Attacked a dish of peas,
Which a year or more before the war
Had been brought across the seas.
When the verdigris got in its work
His joy was turned to woe,
While the old fly hummed to a dismal tune:
"Now, did n't I tell you so?"

VII.
The aged fly of the tear-dimmed eye,
Who sat on the window-sill,
Was filled with woe as she saw them go
To meet a fate so ill.
"Why should I care to live," she said:
"When death lurks everywhere?
In every toothsome dish, I ween,
Is hidden some despair."

VIII.
So forth she stole to the poisonous bowl
Which the name "Fly Poison" bore,
And with maniac laugh began to quaff
The deadly drink galore.
It did not kill—it made her stout,
She aldermanic grew,
Because, you see, the poison was
Adulterated, too!

E. D. Pierson.



HIGH PRICE.

"How is real estate in Kansas City?" he asked of a citizen.
"Booming, sir, booming!" replied the enthusiastic Westerner: "Why," he continued: "corner lots are so high in Kansas City that we are wearing them for jewelry!"

MAYOR COOPER, of Atlanta, refused permission for the Salvation Army to parade in that city, and now he wishes that the Sioux Indians had him for illuminating purposes. The army is praying twice a day for his conversion, with all its gentle implements of Clio in full blast.

A DISPATCH says that women flocked to the polls at Rome, Ga., and saved the town for prohibition. A book which we once read, much against our will, and while perched on a hard bench in a country schoolhouse, mentioned that Rome was similarly saved some years ago, although the flocking was not done in the direction of the polls, exactly.

A BREAST OF THE TIMES—A Breast of Spring Lamb.



THE ENGLISH OF IT.

SODA DISPENSER.—What will you have in it?
DRY YOUNG MAN.—Please put in a little aqua-aqua—ah-hem—what is the Latin for brandy?

DEAD RIGHT.

GUIDE (to party visiting the ruins of Fort Fisher).—There, in that magazine, twelve men were killed by the explosion of one shell, and the place was fairly saturated with blood!

MISS BLAMPEY (unfeeling).—Sort of a *Century* magazine, was n't it?

BEFORE TALKING TOO MUCH about our government's attempt to have him assassinated after the war, Mr. Jefferson Davis should polish up his memory—casket and recollect that gunpowder was worth at least ten shillings a pound at that time, and he—well, he was n't worth much of anything.

A LITTLE COLONY of female deaf mutes has been established at Lake Minnetonka for the summer season, and the appeals of Manager Leach of the American Opera Company to be allowed to join are said to be heart-rending.

SOME PHILOSOPHER says that every mountain should be judged by its top. This is a mistake; it should be judged by its hotel table.

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Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Con-
certs. Admission 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

OH, water!
Thou aqueous blessing,
Bubbling forth from the cool spring,
Babbling adown the talkative brook,
Lashing the yellow sands and the white limbs of
bathers,

We praise thee!
For outward application
And occasional internal use
Thou hast no equal.
When as dew thou comest down from heaven
And lingereth on the green blades of grass
Until the morning sun maketh every drop of thee
a diamond,

We love thee!
But when, in league with the mysterious powers
of nature,

Thou riseth up and permeateth the atmosphere
And causeth excessive humidity,
And maketh our clothes sticketh to ourselves,
And entereth into a league with the sun
To make our lives miserable,
We have no use for thee.

Not much!
Get thee back to thy fountain head,
Come and see us occasionally in showers,
Go thy way in streams,
Wave thy white banners on the crests of ocean
waves,

Sneak into the morning's milk if thou wilt,
But for pity's sake don't oppress us
In the form of humidity
In hot weather.

—Walt Whitman (?) in N. Y. Evening Sun.

WHILE George Summers, driver of one of the sprinkling-carts, was filling a cistern on the premises of John Crooms, colored, he was badly bitten by a vicious dog belonging to the owner of the house.—Society Note, Louisville Courier-Journal.

MRS. WABASH (of Chicago).—Are you ready for dinner, dear?

MR. WABASH.—I will be as soon as I can take my coat off.—Sun.

An amusing story is told of Counselor Oberfield, who is one of the oldest and generally one of the brightest men at the bar. He was arguing a motion before Justice Cullen, and in support of it quoted a decision. "But," said Justice Cullen, who is one of the best-read Judges on the bench: "that decision has been reversed by the Court of Appeals." Counselor Oberfield scratched his head for a second, and then he said: "Well, your Honor, I must bow in deference to the opinions of the learned Judges of the Court of Appeals, but I must say they make laws a — sight faster than I can read them." Whereat there was a smile throughout the court. If the lawyer had been younger he might have been fined for his slight lapse into profanity, but his gray hairs saved him.—Brooklyn Union.

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[Continued from Page 377, PUCK, No. 543.]

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UMPIRE—Out!
POPULACE AND CAPTAIN OF HOME TEAM—
WHAT?

UMPIRE—Safe!—Life.

COMMISSIONER.—On what ground do you claim a pension? Were you in the army?

APPLICANT.—Oh, no; the war was all over before I was born. But I've had my mind all lacerated and tore up and confused like readin' the magazine war articles.

COMMISSIONER.—All right; I see; I'll give you a pass to the insane asylum.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A MASTODON has been dug up at Nashville. But what we want now is not mastodons, but natural gas, coal oil, and things that we can sell. Let the mastodons rest in their peaceful tombs. They have been dead too long to be made into glue, and no soap-grease can be got out of their bones.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A YOUNG man, claiming to be an employee of the L. and N. railroad, accompanied by a handsome young lady, appeared at the County Clerk's office yesterday morning and asked for a marriage license. When Deputy Clerk McCormick required an affidavit for the young lady's age, her companion became indignant, refused to go any further with the affair, and returned to Louisville without having the ceremony performed.—*Society Note, Louisville Courier-Journal.*

FIRST OMAHA POLITICIAN.—I'm afraid it's all up with us, Bill.

SECOND OMAHA POLITICIAN.—What's the matter?

"The World says the only two great issues of the future are labor and temperance."

"Great Jinks! An' must we either work or stop drinkin' to catch votes?"

"That's just it. Which shall we do, Bill?"
"Commit suicide."—*Omaha World.*

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—*Boston Times.*

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THE Concord philosophers are engaged in their annual attempt to grasp the idea of infinity. If they have not forgotten their algebra they ought to know that infinity is nothing but a figure 8 lying on its side. That is as near as they or anybody else will ever come to grasping the idea, and they might as well accept the situation.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

THE Boston *Herald* gives the following important information in big head lines: "The President slept late this morning." Please notice that the editor of the Martha's Vineyard *Herald* had the same distinguished honor.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald*.

GHOST.—List, list, O, list!

HAMLET.—Which list?

GHOST.—Retired list.

(Retires again to his prison-house to think up another one; one of the regular soul harrowers and blood freezers; an eight minute freezer.)—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A SMALL snake that was carried into the house of James Shannon, on Locust Street, in a basket of kindling wood caused quite a stir in the family yesterday morning when Mrs. Shannon started to build the fire for breakfast. The reptile was killed before biting any one.—*Society Note, Louisville Courier-Journal*.

OMAHA MAMA.—Now, dear, you must invite one of your little friends in to share your candy.

LITTLE DOT.—I—I guess I'll invite Lucy.

"Well, that will be nice."

"Yes, candy makes her tooth ache an' she never eats much."—*Omaha World*.

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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their coöperation Brauer and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,000
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	22,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna	299,480
5. G. Pischert, Munich	236,950
6. Liesing Action Brewery, Vienna	170,764

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

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NOTHIN' TO SAY.
NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air! and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like your mother: Purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes.
Like her, too, about livin' here, because she could n't stay;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!—but I hain't got nothin' to say!
She left you her little Bible—writ yer name across the page—
And left her earbobs fer ye, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyaurded 'em, but if yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you was n't a year old then!
And now yer—how old air you? Why, child, not "twenty!" When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? And you want to git married that day?
... I wish yer mother was livin'!—but—I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketchet onto yer dress there—I'll bresh it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Century.

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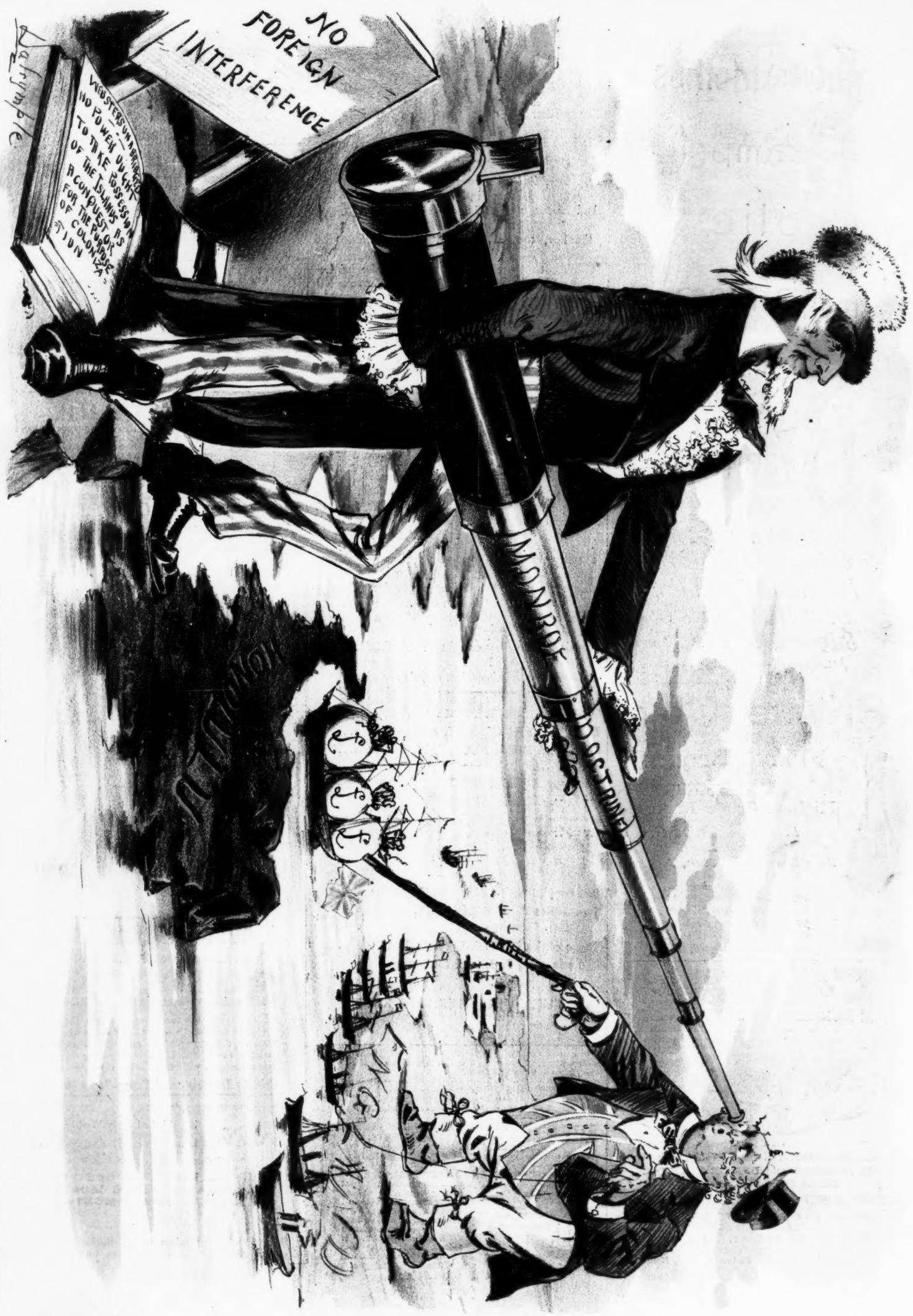
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Uncle Sam.—See if you can read that sign through this hyar telescope o' mine!